

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Hyomei is sold by druggists everywhere and by Haynes & Taylor. A complete outfit cost but \$1.00 and consists of a hard rubber inhaler that will last for years, one bottle of Hyomei and full instructions for use. If a second bottle of liquid it needed you can get an extra bottle of Hyomei inhalant for 50 cents.

## STICK TO YOUR TRADE

By B. CRITTENDEN LYTLE.  
[Copyright, 1916, by American Press Association.]

We move in ruts. Getting accustomed to one kind of work, we are loath to change. Let a husband ask his wife to buy him a few cigars and the wrappers will likely be paper colored, to look like tobacco leaf. Let a wife ask her husband to hire a maid and, though she may be comely, she will have to be got rid of instantly.

One would suppose that all soldiering is alike. Nothing of the kind. An infantryman knows nothing about cannon; an artilleryman knows nothing about the signal service.

These remarks are a preface to the recital of an attempt to make a fighter out of a musician—an army musician. Jacob Gobel was a bugler in one of the regular regiments. When the regiment was preparing to go to Cuba at the time of the Spanish-American war he became ambitious to be a real soldier instead of a footer. His sergeant told him that he had better stick to his bugle, but Jacob said that when a bugler was killed in battle there was no glory in his death. He preferred to die with weapons in his hands instead of a bugle.

So Jacob became a soldier and was in the first battle fought after the troops landed near Santiago. Unfortunately it was his first fight, and he was rattled. Men were being shot down beside him by an enemy they could not see. Some of the corps were getting back; others were standing. Jacob got it into his head that he should sound a retreat. Putting his hand back to grasp his bugle, he found a revolver instead. Putting the muzzle into his mouth, he tried to blow. In his excitement he must have pulled the trigger, for he was brought to his senses by feeling something warm on his jaw, and, putting his hand there, he found blood pouring from a hole in his cheek. The wonder was that the bullet had not gone through the vertebrae at the back of his neck and killed him. He must have blown through a corner of his mouth.

Jacob was in a hospital till pretty near the end of the war. It would have been better for him to return to the duties of a bugler, but the hole in his cheek didn't close up, and an attempt to blow a bugle would send all the wind out at the side of his face instead of through his bugle.

When Jacob returned to duty he found it impossible to explain to his comrades how he came by the hole in his cheek. The story got out, and he was laughed at. This fired him with a desire to redeem himself. He longed for an opportunity, and the opportunity came. There was no lack of fighting around Santiago. True, the Spanish and American forces were standing off from one another, but there were sorties and charges. One day Jacob was in some very thick fighting. The colonel was racing about with his bugle at his heels blowing his orders when suddenly the bugle dropped from his hand and he fell from his horse. The colonel, seeing his bugler knocked out, looked about for another, but there was none at hand. The captain of Jacob's company, realizing his predicament, cried out:

"We've got a bugler here, colonel. Gobel, get up there on that horse!"

Gobel, obedient and forgetting that he had been disqualified to blow orders by his wound, picked up the bugle, mounted the horse and placed himself directly in the colonel's rear. The Spaniards were preparing to crush the American troops on that part of the field. The colonel saw a brigade of the enemy swinging round on his right to get in his rear and gave Jacob an order to signal a change of front. Jacob put his bugle to his lips and blew, but there was no sound. All the wind was going out through the hole in his cheek.

The colonel looked at him in surprise and anger. Jacob clapped his hand to his cheek, but did not succeed in forcing the wind through the bugle. Shutting his mouth, he put the bugle to the hole in his cheek. Since no wind could get out through his mouth it went through his cheek. At any rate, enough of it got through the bugle to faintly sound the colonel's order. But Jacob's delay gave the enemy an advantage that pretty nearly caused the capture of the regiment. It was saved only by support coming in the nick of time. When the fighting was over the colonel called out to Jacob's captain:

"Keep that man in the ranks, captain. He's no good for a bugler."

"He was a good bugler, colonel, but he insisted on going into the ranks. The first thing he did was to try to blow a signal on his pistol and shot a hole in his cheek. Now he's no good for either a soldier or a bugler."

After this episode Jacob was so ridiculed by the men that he tried to get himself killed in order to escape their jokes. To make matters worse it seemed that all the buglers in the army were getting shot, and the commanding officers were always sending for men who could sound the calls. It was constantly: "Say, Gobel, you can blow a bugle, can't you? Oh, I forgot. You ruined your wind trying to blow down the muzzle of a pistol." These and other references to his misfortune so worked upon Jacob that he gave up trying to be a hero and concluded to sink into an inferior bugler. Going to the hospital, he secured a hot water bag and turned it into a wind bag, making a close connection with rubber bands between his mouth and that of his bugle. Then he offered himself to his colonel to sound calls, and, there being no one else to fill the place, Jacob was accepted. As soon as the war was over he was discharged.

## OLD KENTUCKY THE BEST OF ALL.

Farmers Should be Satisfied Here—Vast Proportions of West.

Hepner, Oregon, Dec. 23.—Dear Calmes—I have been thinking for some time that I would write you something of the Northwest which perhaps might be of interest to some of the farmers readers of The Herald.

I shall speak mostly of Oregon, as I have seen more of this State than any of the Northwest. It is said that Oregon has the largest territory without a railroad of any State in the Union. From the termination of one of our branch lines freight is hauled by wagon farther than any other place in the United States. I think the distance is three hundred miles or more. Both the Hill and Harriman lines are building roads into the interior of the State.

To get some general idea of the vast size of this State, we will compare it with the State of Kentucky. Oregon has a total area of 94,560 square miles and Kentucky an area of 40,000 square miles. Oregon is more than two and one-third times the size of Kentucky. The census of 1900 shows Kentucky's population to be 2,147,174, and Oregon's at that time 413,536. I think she claims 600,000 now, but even at this figure you can see the vast difference in the population. Any one who has not traveled through the far West cannot realize how sparsely settled this country is. There are 15,000,000 people crowded together in some of the New England States, on an area equal to what 600,000 are living on here. Two hundred and fifty-five thousand of this 600,000 population are in the city of Portland.

In this great State most any conditions may be found, ranging from the ideal climate and rich soil of some of the little villages which have the appearance of an Eden, to the sandy deserts where neither animal or vegetable life exists, which is apt to bring to your mind, on a July day, thoughts of the infernal regions. All kinds of land may be found from the well improved fruit farm which is valued at \$1,500 an acre, to land that is hardly worth one dollar per one thousand acres. The greatest difficulty in central and eastern Oregon is the scarcity of water, for it rains but very little east of the Cascade Range during the summer season. There are some places where the rainfall is only three or four inches a year. Most of the soil is very rich, all that is lacking is the rainfall.

Stock raising and wheat growing are the chief pursuits in the central and eastern parts of the State. Here we find great herds of cattle and sheep—often as many as 5,000 head in one herd. In some of the valleys especially in the Willamette we find diversified farming, but no corn is produced on account of light rainfall and cold nights.

I shall now try to give you some idea of grain growing and farm life of eastern Oregon. When the season is good the grain yield is vast, but this is the only crop the farmer has, so when it fails, he has nothing else to depend on.

The railroad company I am with here has one feeder here 45 miles long which runs through a great wheat belt.

Three years ago there were 1,000 car loads of wheat shipped off this short line. The last two years have been almost failures for the grain crop in Oregon on account of the drouth. One man told me he sowed 1,000 acres last year and reaped only 800 sacks. They sow in both fall and spring here and harvest from July to September. They do not bind and shock as we do in Kentucky, but run either a header or a combine. If a combine, the grain is cut and threshed all in one operation. It takes from thirty to forty five horses to draw one of these large combines.

Now I shall try to give you a slight idea of how a great many farmers have to live out here. Mr. Kentucky

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## HARDIN BROS.

Salem Street, Marion, Ky.

Farmer, how would you like to live 25 or 30 miles from any town? This is reasonably close for many persons in eastern Oregon. Perhaps 10 or 15 miles from a post-office. Mail routes are not known in this part of the State. Your only doctor probably 20 miles away. It costs to have the doctor come to see you out here. Your nearest neighbor may live 10 miles away. A schoolhouse 5 miles away and a church—oh, well, no telling where. If a man is not more isolated than this out here is some of this western country, he considers himself well in touch with the world.

Mr. Kentucky farmer, you may have a few rocks, briars and bushes to contend with on some of those old hills, but I want to tell you that you haven't by far the worst place in this country to live in. When you see some of this western life and then look at yourself with your numerous favorable surroundings your diversified farming, your macadamized roads, your rural routes, your churches near you, the good schools right at your door where you can educate your children, and your local papers which come to you every week, all you have to do is just make a few comparisons and you will see why you should be happy. You can hear a lot of talk about free government land out West, but the best of that has all been taken up, and some

of it I would not live on long enough to homestead a claim if they would give me a whole county. Why there is lot of it that would hardly give a jack rabbit subsistence on 160 acres—the limit of a homestead claim.

Yet people are coming to this country all the time from all parts of the United States. Some say because they like the country, and a great many stay because they have not sufficient means to enable them to return to their native homes. Quite often when I have been on an Eastern fast freight run, there would be an immigrant car in the train, some farmer with his work stock, his farming implement and his household goods in a car, returning to the East.

Whenever the opportunity affords I would talk with them. I find they all have about the same story—going back to their native home in one of the Central States, dissatisfied, have less than when they came West. Don't be too anxious to give up the old homestead, to seek a location in a new country where you can make a living "without working." You might see the day you will regret it and that day might not be long presenting itself. I have not tried to show just one side of the story, but as I said before, this country has some very desirable features, especially in certain places, but old Kentucky is a good place to live. ROBERT A. BENNETT.



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